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EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor

Captain J. Wood, R.C.D.
Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q.

Assistant Editors:

Stanley Barracks, Toronto, Capt. M. H. A. Drury.

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Tpr. S. W. Wells.

Advertising:

Stanley Barracks, Toronto, Lieut. C. C. Mann.

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Tpr. S. W. Wells.

Sub-Staff

Stanley Barracks, Toronto, R.S.M. H. E. Kawcher, R.C.D.

Old Comrades Representative: Major E. A. Hethrington

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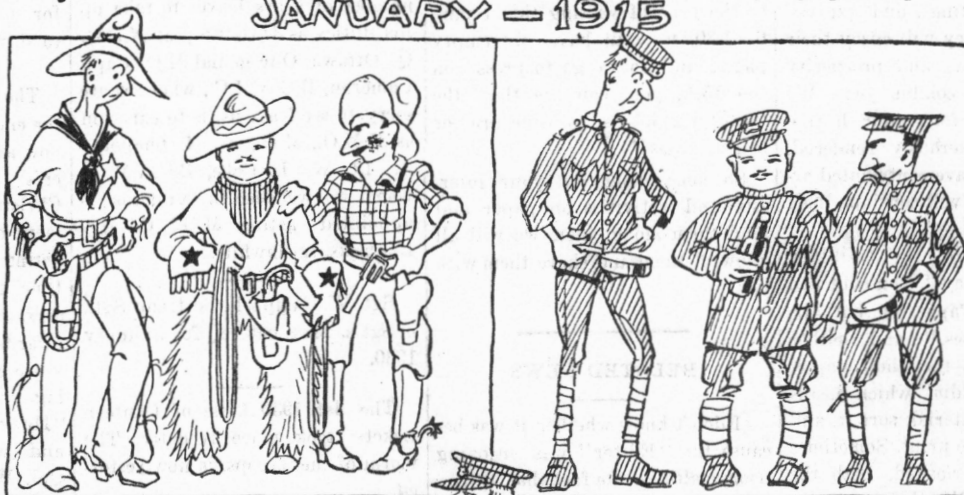
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Address all correspondence and make all cheques payable to "The Editor, The Goat," St. Johns, Que.

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WILD AND WOOLLY WINTERBOURNE-STOKE JANUARY - 1915



THREE "BAD MEN" FROM CANADA'S
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ATTEMPTED TO APPEAR -----

-----AND AS THEY REALLY APPEARED
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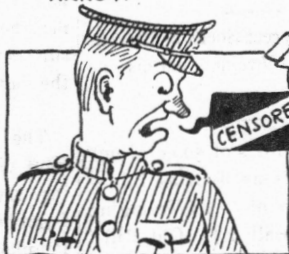
MAJOR MACMILLAN
LEADING "C" SQUAD
IN DIRECTION OF
ARROW



LIEUT.
L.P. SHERWOOD



MY
GOSH!
I'M
IN A
STABLE!



A TRULY "BAD MAN"
WAS TROOPER INGHAM
WHO WAS A BARON OF BLASPHEMY!



A PRIVATE RODEO THAT
WAS SHORT-LIVED



THE REGULAR
SOLOIST AT THE
BELL INN

EDITORIAL



In this the first, issue of "The Goat" for 1930, we wish to extend to our many readers, and subscribers, and advertisers, our heartiest New Year Greetings, and express the hope that they will enjoy their full share of joy, and prosperity throughout the coming year. We thank you all for your hearty support so generously rendered, and those who have contributed articles of interest will continue their splendid efforts.

As the Editor of the "Military Bugle" used to say, "You can't run a Regimental Paper, on hot air, and cold potatoes," and neither can we write up the whole paper, our job is to "Edit" which means to gather the material, sort it, and put it in shape to print. Sometimes this fact is overlooked, both the Regiment and Old Comrades Association.

If "The Goat" is to represent the Regiment, and the Old Comrades' Association, then they have got to get busy and send in their literary efforts, and also their "News Items," so that they can be published each month. Now that the holidays are over let's all snap into it, and make "The Goat" newsier and better than ever. "The Goat" is an open corporation. Any-

one can, and all are wanted to send along items of interest to the Regiment, or its Old Comrades, anything of interest is welcome. Up to the time of writing this 1 p.m. 6. 1.30. we still have six empty pages, and as we go to press on the 15th, you can see that the "Editor's job is no sinecure or bed of roses"

So come along, put your interests and activities on paper and send them along, then we will all know of them and share them with you.

BELATED NEWS

I don't know whether it was because the "Editor" was enjoying poor health, or the fact that we ran out of ink, but you will read in this issue, reports on the Armistice Day ceremonies in Toronto, the Regiment's activities at the Royal Winter Fair Horse Show, and the Ottawa Horse Show. The old saying that "no news is good news" I think you will find applies in this case, as you read the accounts of these events. In future we will, with your assistance, publish news a little more promptly.

EDITOR.

Personal & Regimental

Col. Piche, who has been ill for some time, now, we learn is on the road to recovery, "The Goat," hopes that he will soon be fit and about again. His duties have been carried out by temporary visits from Col. Dabault, D.V.O., M.D., No. 5.

Major H. T. Cock, M.C., the R.C.R., with Mrs. Cock, returned recently from three months leave of absence spent in England, and are taking over the quarters vacated by Major R. E. Balders, when he was transferred to Halifax last Spring.

Capt. and Mrs. Berteau, and Geraldine, returned to Barracks after a months leave spent in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie, spent their New Year's leave in Kingston, and Toronto.

Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., and the Officers of the Garrison and their wives, dined in the Officer's Mess, Christmas night.

Major Timmis and Major Logan, R.C.R. paid the Garrison respects to the Garrison Units in Montreal,

on New Year's day.

N/S Wurtell, spent a month's leave in Ottawa with her mother.

A very pleasing event took place in the Officer's Mess, St. Johns, Que., December 10th, when the Officers of the Garrison gathered together at a farewell luncheon, tendered to Col. J. T. Clark, C.B.E., R.C.A.M.C., Colonel Clark, who has been D.M.O., M.D., No. 4, for a number of years leaves to take up his duties as D.G.M.S., at N.D.G. Q., Ottawa. Our genial M.O. Capt. Cameron, R.C.A.M.C., whom we are sorry to see leave us, is to carry on as D.M.O., M.D., No. 4, temporarily. Lt. W. L. Coke, R.C.A.M.C., whom we welcome in our midst is appointed acting M.O., Cavalry Barracks, meanwhile.

Sgt. W. Campbell, 1st troop Sgt., is Sgt's. Mess caterer for January 1930.

The 1st 1930 issue of Canteen tickets took place recently. The moral of the Troops, is now restored.

The Sgt.-Major's watch is always on Standard Time and as a result of this (7) of the braves spent a pleasant Saturday afternoon on the rink making ice.

This rumoured that one of our budding N.C.O.'s now has three alarm clocks, if they all go off together it will be a co-incidence.

The 1st Troop 'Shonks' club reports a very successful year for 1929. May 1930 be even more so.

Which is correct Socks or Swocks Our worthy Librarian claims the latter.

The vocal efforts of some of our Braves reminds me of Bruce Bainsfather's sketch of "Alf." singing (you may recall it) "Old Bill" wanted to borrow his top notes to clean the knives with.

"Lord Plushbottom," made several mysterious trips to town,

during the holidays.

In spite of the fact that we had cranberries with our turkey, Christmas day, "Shorty English" persists there is a mistake somewhere. Why not blame it on the Mayflower Shorty.

A staunch supporter of the "Coffee Bar" during a recent visit to Montreal reports that the "Brewery Mission" is no place for a self-respecting horse soldier to stay.

The old Potter's, having reached the end of their tether and who are now amalgamated with the "Plaster's" held their Annual Ball. Christmas Eve, much to the amusement of all taking part. "Nobby" acting as judge had a very busy time trying to pick out the winners, and as a matter of fact was awarded a second look so as to convince everyone he was not mistaking. "Ginger," with his partner "Hank" made a very dusky pair, and were declared the winners. Cpl. Wheeler and "Charlie" were second as a KKK, and a young thing from the Country. Our friend "Jkey" a very seductive maiden from the other side, and his partner Tpr. Munroe, were 3rd. After paying our usual respects to the Sgts. Mess, where we were all well received, we then called upon the Officer's Mess, where Major Timmis, handed out with quite a liberal hand the cup that cheers, and after we all had wished him the compliments of the season, we retired to the Canteen, where the prizes were handed out. For the benefit of our City Squadron, we may be out in the country but we sure can have a good time down on the farm.

The following Old Comrades were visitors to the Barracks during the Christmas Season: Sgt. Campbell, M.M., Tprs. Moran, Pennhallerick and Mr. F. Powell.

One of the most entertaining evenings that we have had in St. Johns, for quite a long while, took place in the Garrison Theatre, Sat-

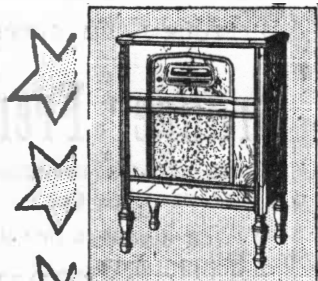


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ST. JOHNS QUE.

urday, January 4th, when under the direction of Mr. A. K. Ellis, the St. Clements Players, of Verdun, put on their Comedy, for the benefit of the troops and their friends only. Each of the players had their parts well in hand, and their portrayal of "Three Live Ghosts" kept the whole audience in continual laughter. All ranks turned out in force, and soon the Gymnasium took on quite a gala aspect. Officers in Mess Kit, with their wives, and lady friends in evening toilet made quite a contrast to the Khaki that predominated.

The following is a list of those taking part.

The players in the order of their first appearance.

Mrs. Bubbins	Mrs. G. Broadhurst
Peggy Woofers	Miss M. Bridgeman
Bolton	Mrs. H. Shute
Jimmie Gubbins	Mr. J. Mather
William Foster	Mrs. J. Whittingham
Spooky	Mr. A. K. L. Ellis
Rose Gordon	Miss M. Ching
Priggs (of Scotland yard)	Mr. W. Sparks
Benson	Mr. B. Goodale
Lady Leinster	Mrs. W. Sparkes

ACT I—Home of Old Sweetheart.
ACT III—Same a few minutes later.
ACT II—Same the following morning.

A great deal of interest was shewn by all ranks in the production of this comedy, and it is to be hoped that we may be fortunate enough to see more efforts of this sort in Barracks, during the Winter months.

SGTS. MESS, ST. JOHNS, QUE., NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The members of the Station Sergeants' Mess, St. Johns, Que., were "At Home," to all Hon. Members and friends on New Year's Day from 11 a.m. until 1.00 p.m.

A very large number of Hon. Members and friends were present. Freddie Powell, an old stand by, was as usual very entertaining and last but not least S.S.M.I. Hopkinson, who was on leave from Toronto, dropped in just to remind the assembly that he (used to once) have some happy times there, and we were all very glad to have him amongst us again. Among our noted guests were Major Lafleur, and Major A. MacLean, late of the R.C.R., Major D. A. Grant, M.C., represented the Officers of the Garrison. After the usual toasts had been given, the company settled

down to a little entertainment, that lasted only too short a time, when the zero hour approached for us all to depart it was agreed that a very good time had been had by all. The Mess committee are to be complimented on the excellent manner in which the arrangements were made, and refreshments provided to the satisfaction of everyone.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR DINNERS.

The Annual Christmas and New Year Dinners held in the Men's Mess were as usual a great success. Several Old Comrades came down for the day and a pretty good time was had by all. As is the custom the Sergeants of the Squadron waited upon the men in an honest to goodness (Ritz) style that set some of the men wondering whether the "Royal York" had been giving the Sergeants a long distance course.

The Officers of the Station headed by Majors Timmis and Grant, paid a visit to the Dining Room before the dinner commenced and after seeing everything was ready to start for the remainder of the day, wished the men the compliments of the Season, which was answered by Cheers.

Great credit is due to the Cooks for the way in which they prepared dinner and the way the men done justice to it amply rewarded the cooks for any extra work that they had been called upon to do.

The arrangements made by the Mess Committee for the Christmas and New Year's Smokers which followed were carried out without a hitch, and the orderly manner in which they were carried out by the men themselves was commented upon as being splendid.

"Ginger" gave us a treat about the "Houses on Broadway" being painted green, which was closely followed by 'Heavy' with something about "Was it a Dream," then O'Malley would not be seated until he insisted upon yelling, "A Smile will Go-eh-long long Whay," about 12 M.N. the Smokers were brought to a close, where we each and all retired to our different Troops only to wake up in the morning to find out that it was not a dream.

"And so Georgina is married at last
Who is the happy man."
"Her father."

Toronto.

Captain L. D. Hammond, S.M.I. Dowdell and S/Instr. King are conducting Provisional Schools of Cavalry at Ottawa and Pembroke, Ont.

Captain S. C. Bate, spent Christmas at his home in Ottawa and returned to Stanley Barracks in time to pack his trunk to proceed upon three months leave to England and perhaps the Continent. He sailed from St. John, N.B., in the 'Duchess of Athol,' on January 10th.

All members of the regiment and many old comrades will join us in offering our sincere sympathies to Major E. L. Caldwell upon the death of his Father, which occurred in Bridgetown, N.S., on New Year's day. Major Caldwell, has proceeded to Bridgetown to attend the funeral.

Amongst the callers on New Year's day was Ex-Sergt. Lou Till of New York, who served with the regiment in 1898.

During the year which has recently passed three officers whose names have long been connected with the regiment have retired to pension, namely: Maj. Gen. J. H. Elmsley, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. Brigadier A. H. Powell, Lt. Col. W. A. Rhoades, D.S.O., M.C.

We hope within the next few numbers of the Goat to be able to give short sketches of their careers in the regiment and in the Canadian Permanent Force.

Amongst the Christmas cards received by Regimental Headquarters was a card from John Shearer, whose address is now Peace River, Alberta. We were especially pleased to hear from him as we had lost touch with him for the past few years.

"Toronto Social Notes."—"Pete" Merrix is now employed as Bouncer at the Old Mill Road House, on the Dundas Highway, where he is always willing to lend a helping hand to those who have "Beaucoup de Cognac."

Heard from Toronto—"Well the holidays are over at last, things are running as per syllabus again. We

are all glad to get back to the serious business of Soldiering."—
WHAT?

Ex-Sergeant W. H. Macklin visited Stanley Barracks 10th Jan. and renewed old acquaintances.

New Year's resolutions—Not to miss your monthly article for "The Goal."

Ex-R.S.M., G. D. Churchward, M.M., is now very comfortably settled down at 73 Beaconsfield Blvd. London, Ont. He has a good job with the Metropolitan Stores, and with his family we are pleased to hear is still going strong. We wish you the best of luck S.M. for 1930.

Q.M.S. Tpr. J. Travers, we understand has gone into the Movies. He is now with the Ontario Government picture bureau, at Toronto. May your eyes be long spared to gaze upon the movie queen's as they pass by. Now you will be able to play them a nice tune on your cornet.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S AT STANLEY BARRACKS.

The festive season was observed this year at Stanley Barracks with all traditional custom.

A majority of the personnel of the Barracks had six day passes which extended either over Christmas or New Year's days and those who had remained in Barracks were well looked after with a liberal supply of Turkey and Plum Pudding and other refreshments which tend to increase the popularity of the festive season.

Colonel D. P. Bowie, D.S.O., R.C.D., Officer Commanding, Stanley Barracks accompanied by Lt.-Col. A. K. Hemming, The R. C.B., and other officers of the Station visited the Mens Messes on Christmas Day where the usual messages of good cheer and greetings were exchanged.

On New Year's Day the officers and Sergeants Messes were at home to their friends and the visitors representing units of the Toronto Garrison. Our Honorary Colonel, Major-General V. A. S. Williams, O.M.G., visited the Officers Mess and accompanied Colonel Bowie and the Officers of the R.C.D. upon their annual visit to the Sergeants' Mess. We were pleased

to see an exceptionally large turnout of ex-officers and N.C.O.'s of the Regiment present at these receptions. Amongst those specially noted were:—

Captain Berteau, Lieut. W. E. Gillespie and Sgt. Blake, who was on leave from St. Johns, Que., came to offer greetings from 'A' Squadron.

The following Christmas Greetings in the form of Cards, Letters, Cables and Telegrams were received at Regimental Headquarters—

An acknowledgement from the Private Secretary, Buckingham Palace of the cards sent to our Colonel-in-Chief, His Majesty the King, by the Officers and Sergeants' Mess.

An acknowledgement from Their Excellencies, The Governor-General of Canada and Lady Willingdon.

The Lt.-Governor of the Province of Ontario.

Premier of Canada.

Field Marshal, Sir George Milne, G.C.B., C.G.M., D.S.O., etc., Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

Lieu.-Col. E. W. T. Miles, M.C., and the officers 1st The Royal Dragoons (our Allied Regiment) now stationed in Egypt.

Card and Telegram from "A" Squadron, R.C.D., St. Johns, Que.

The Deputy Minister, National Defence.

The Adjutant-General.

The Quartermaster-General.

Commissioner and Officers, Ontario Provincial Police.

His Worship the Mayor of Toronto.

Major-General A. W. Harman, C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C., late Commander 3rd Division, C.C.B.

Major-General, The Right-Hon. J. E. B. Seeley, C.B.C., M.C., D.S.O., late commander, Canadian Cavalry Brigade.

The Archbishop of Toronto.

The Bishop of Toronto.

The Commissioner and Officers, Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Commandant and Officers, The Cavalry School, Fort Riley, Kansas, U.S.A.

Commandant, Staff and Gentlemen Cadets, Royal Military College, Kingston.

The Directors of Equipment and Ordnance Services.

The Director of Personnel Services.

The Director and Staff of Engineer Services.

The Senior Ordnance Officer

and Staff, Ottawa.

The Officer Administration and the Officers, The R.A.V.C.

The Assistant Director of Records.

The District Officer's Commanding and Staffs of Military District Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 10 and 13.

British Regular Forces

The Captain and Officers, H. M. Signal School, Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth.

The Life-Guards.

The Royal Horse Guards, (The Blues.)

1st King's Dragoon Guards.

Queens Bays (2nd Dragoon Guards.)

3rd Carabiniers.

5th Inniskillin Dragoons Guards.

7th Queens Own Hussars.

8th King's Own Irish Hussars.

9th Queens Own Lancers.

10th Royal Hussars. (Prince of Wales Own.)

15/19th Hussars.

17/21st Lancers.

Commandant and Instructors, Seniors Officers School, Sheerness.

Commandant and Staff, Equitation School, Weedon.

Hodsons Horse. (Indian Army.)

The Royal Deccan Horse. (Indian Army.)

Commandant and Staff, Equitation School, Saugor, C.P. India.

Canadian Units

Lord Strathcona Horse, R.C.

The Royal Canadian Horse Artillery.

"C" Battery, R.C.H.A.

Officers Commanding and Officers, R.C.A., and R.C.E., Halifax.

The Royal Canadian Regiment.

Sergeant's Mess, "B" Company The R.C.R.

Princess Patricia Canadian Light Infantry.

"B" Company, P.P.C.L.I.

The Royal 22ieme Regiment.

N. 2 Detachment, R.C.A.S.C.

No. 3 Detachment, R.C.O.C.

The Governor General's Body Guards.

The Princess Louise Guards.

2nd Dragoons.

"B" Squadron, 2nd Dragoons.

The 1st Hussars.

3rd The Prince of Wales Canadian Dragoons.

The Missisauqua Horse.

15th Canadian Light Horse.

16th Canadian Light Horse.

19th Alberta Dragoons.

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3rd Field Brigade, Canadian Artillery.

8th Field Brigade, Canadian Artillery.

3rd New Brunswick Regiment, Canadian Artillery.

2nd Divisional Signals.

McGill University Contingent, C.O.T.C.

Colonel S. E. Francis, V.D., O. C., 10th Infantry Brigade.

Colonel R. V. Conover, V.D., Commanding 25th Infantry Brigade.

Canadian Grenadier Guards.

The Royal Grenadiers.

W.O's. and Sergeants, The Royal Grenadiers.

1st Bn. Oxford Rifles.

The York Rangers Regiment.

The Elgin Regiment.

The Simcoe Forresters Regiment.

The Peel and Dufferin Regiment.

Dufferin Rifles of Canada.

The Lanark and Renfrew Scottish Regiment.

The Sherbrooke Regiment.

1st Bn. The Wentworth Regiment.

48th Highlanders of Canada.

1st Bn. The Calgary Highlanders.

The Sault Ste. Marie Regiment.

The Toronto Regiment.

The Queen's Rangers (1st American Regiment.)

1st Bn. Edmonton Regiment, (49th Bn. C.E.F.)

The Toronto Scottish Regiment.

The Irish Regiment.

1st Bn. Canadian Machine Corps.

3rd Bn. Canadian Machine Corps.

2nd Div. Train C.A.S.C.

11th Divisional Train C.A.S.C.

Canadian Army Medical Corps, Toronto Garrison.

The Royal Canadian Air Force.

Depot Division The Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Christie Street Hospital.

Past Officers and Friends of the Regiment.

Lt.-Gen. Sir Richard Turner, V. C., K.C.V., K.C.M.G., D.S.O.

Brig.-Gen. C. M. Nelles, C.M.G.

Col. and Mrs. A. A. H. Powell.

Col. F. S. Morrison, D.S.O.

Col. D. Douglas Young.

Lt.-Col. L. V. Sherwood, M.C.

Col. de M. Taschereau.

Lt.-Col. F. Gilman, D.S.O.

Major and Mrs. Errol A. Hethington.

Major Roy Nordhemer, M.C.—Also a telegram.

Major and Mrs. H. Stethem.

Major and Mrs. E. A. Steer.

Capt. G. C. Drury, telegram.

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Mr. and Mrs. A. H. MacBrien.

Capt. and Mrs. B. E. Purdy.

J. M. Bowman, Esq.

Victor Spalding, Esq., (Lerwick, Shetland Island)—also cable.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Ruddy.

Col. and Mrs. Claude Hill.

Col. J. L. R. Parsons, C.M.G., D.S.O.

Lt.-Col. R. J. Brook, C.B.E., D. S.O.

Col. A. W. Jamieson.

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Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Flemming.

STANLEY BARRACKS XMAS TREE

December 18th was a banner day for the Stanley Barracks Children, for Santa Claus in person paid a visit to the Station and each and every child received delightful gifts from that dear old indi-

dual. The Gymnasium and tree so tastefully decorated by the capable hands of Cpl. Duff was a treat to both young and old. The tables set out were laden with the good things so dear to all children, with the customary crackers and all the frills that go to make such events a success, and how all did enjoy it. The attendance was all that could be desired in view of the cold weather dished up by the Weather Man.

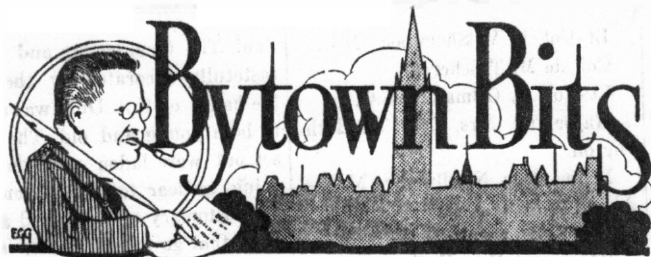
The arrival of Santa was hailed with many hurrahs and amid this hearty welcome this genial gentleman made his triumphant entrance. Things began to get really interesting to the youngsters, as each name was called each either bravely or timidly approached the tree for his or her gift, which by the way were well chosen. Many remarks were heard to the effect "I wrote and asked Santa for such and such article, and here it is! Wonder and happiness increased as each compared with the other their gift. What a din, horns blowing mingled with delighted shouts amply repaid those in charge for their untiring efforts. Fathers and Mothers lived their childhood again, and many fathers who previously blessed Xmas Trees and everything in general, caught the spirit of the thing and smiling faces became wreathed in smiles. Wonderful things these Xmas Trees. True some had to carry sleighs and what not on to crowded street cars, but what of it, these events come only once a year.

The Committee in charge are to be complimented on their efforts particularly Mrs. Thos. Doran who gave her time in the selection and allotting of presents so appropriately.

Sgts. Lee and Smith with their capable staff attended to the refreshment end of the day assisted by Mrs. Lee.

SPORTING NOTES

It looked as though the hockey season would get away to a flying start this year, as we have had several days skating prior to Christmas. However, the recent snow and rain have prevented the Squadron hockey team from getting under way to date. We are ordering brand new uniforms for the "B" Squadron team in anticipation of a visit to Toronto of "A" Squadron team. (Hope you succeed.)—Ed.



Col. Gillmore:—By the very sudden death in Ottawa last month of Col. E. T. B. Gillmore, D.S.O. the city lost an outstanding Artillery officer and sportsman. The late officer was a graduate of the Royal Military College over thirty years ago, and rose from lieutenant to captain in the old 2nd Battery in Ottawa. He was appointed to command the 23rd Battery some years later and took it to Valcartier in 1914. He filled several positions in the 1st and 3rd Divisional Artillery and served until the Armistice in France and Belgium. On demobilization he went to the Reserve of Officers. He was keenly interested in all kinds of sport specializing in skating, polo and tennis. He was 60 years of age and unmarried and a large number of ex-officers and officers attended the funeral.

Attention Mr. Powell:—In his lightly coloured story of the perils of the deep between Montreal and Ottawa, with Mr. Martin, our versatile soldier and sailor, Mr. Poweys saw information of the Rideau Canal. The canal was built by the Royal Engineers under Colonel By, after whom the town was named. It was commenced in 1826 and runs to Kingston a distance of 127.50 miles. The water level of the Ottawa at low water is 127.40 feet above sea level and eight locks at Ottawa give a rise of 82.60 feet. As Mr. Powell remarks, a sturdy barge can bring his craft to the top in an hour, lockmen and other considerations permitting. The highest point in the canal is at Narrows Lock 83 miles from Ottawa where the elevation is 408 feet above sea level or a rise of 280.60 feet from the Ottawa River. From the Narrows the height of land causes the water to flow to Lake Ontario, and there the level is 243.00 at Kingston, a drop of 165.00 feet from the Narrows. Should the sailors attempt the Rideau I would advise strongly that they get a Lakes Chart as it has

a very intricate channel all the way.

New Years Day:—The advent of 1930 was fittingly celebrated in Military circles at Ottawa. The absence of His Excellency the Governor-General in Bermuda shut out the usual levee at the House of Commons, but the messes of the garrison were open as usual and received numerous visitors. Among the officers of Headquarters making the rounds was Major General Henri Panet Adjutant General, who retired to pension the last day of 1929. He was warmly welcomed and received many good wishes for the future.

Entertained Friends:—The Sergeants Mess of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards held a jolly party on New Year's eve at which a large number of members, with their wives and sweethearts were present. The guests were received by Sergeant Major and Mrs. C. H. Lee and dancing was carried on until the New Years was several hours old.

Goes West:—Among the changes at Headquarters for 1930 is the transfer of Lieut.-Col. W. K. Walker, D.S.O., M.C. Commandant of the Canadian Small Arms School to Winnipeg. The charge is effective May 1st and it is stated that Lieut.-Col. Turner at present in Winnipeg is coming east to relieve him.

Presented Sweaters:—The members of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards baseball team were recently presented with sweaters with the regimental crest woven into them. The team cleaned up all comers at Barriefield last year and won the camp championship.

Horses to the Rear:—Plans are under foot it is understood to mechanize the R.C.H.A. Brigade. About twenty-five horses will be carried on the establish-

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York Regt.	3rd Machine Gun Battalion.

ment in order to teach equitation to recruits and those taking courses at the barracks.

Back Home:—Lieut. Noel O. Carr, R.C.A., has been appointed G.S.O. for Artillery, at Headquarters and has arrived in the city. He is an old Ottawa boy and comes back to reside after an absence of 20 years.

Departures:—Maj.-Gen. Ashton was vacated the appointment of Quartermaster-General and has gone to Toronto to assume command of Military District No. 2. Previous to his departure various farewell gatherings in his honor took place. Colonel W.H.P. Elkins, D.S.O., leaves at the end of the month to assume command of the Royal Military College vice Colonel Constantine who goes to St. Johns, N.B., to take over the district in place of Brig.-Gen. Hill, who has retired to pension and acquired the post of Commissioner of Provincial Police.

New A.G.:—Brigadier-Gen. A. H. Bell has arrived from Toronto

and assumed the post of Adjutant General at Headquarters. Once more a cavalry soldier sits in the chair so ably held down by Gen. Lessard, Williams and Elmsley.

Paid in Full

Cavalry Training. Vol. 1, says that instruction consists of Explanation, Demonstration, Repetition, after practicing this for an hour, an exhausted Sgt.-Major sweetly addressed his squad as follows:

"When I was a little boy, I had a set of Wooden Soldier's. There was a poor boy in the neighborhood, and one day after I had been to Sunday school and listened to a stirring lesson of Charity, I softened enough to give them to him. All at once I wanted them back, Mother heard me crying and said, Don't cry Freddie, some day you will get your wooden soldier's back." I believe that Bladdy day has arrived. Ride, Ha-A-A-Alt.

"Truth is naked," declares a writer. --And that, presumably, is why so many people are ashamed to know her.

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Letters to the Editor.

Dear Sir:—

I received your badge safe, and I send my very best of thanks for same. I also received "The Goat" and enjoyed its contents very much. I have wrote today and sent my contribution to St. Johns for a year, and now I shall be able to keep in touch with things, as I am going to take a copy of "The Goat" with me to our next Canadian Legion meeting, and see whether I cannot find any more "Goat's" or Ex-Dragoons. I will hand it to the President so that he can read it after the minutes, then I will have my wife take a picture of me in my Balmoral, because the badge looks fine on a background of red shaped like a Maple Leaf. In closing I wish that I was able to drop in and have a drink in the Canteen, but as it is I am dry and in a (Dry) country! but never-the-less here is wishing you the best of luck during the coming year.

Yours respectfully,
H. COOKE,
2623 W. 30 Street,
Los Ang., Calif.

Capilano Timber Co. Hdqrs.
North Vancouver, B.C.
7 January 1930.

The Editor of The Goat,
St. Jhns, Que.

Dear Sir,

Enclosed is \$1 for renewal of my subscription. I have been a subscriber for the last two years and the monthly arrival of "The Goat," has been a steadily increasing source of enjoyment during the whole time, good luck to you.

Yours sincerely,
F. McVICKAR.

Your kind wishes are heartily reciprocated from here.—Ed.

32 Beech Ave.,
Baleey, Beach,
Toronto, Ont.
Jan. 13th, 1930.

To the editor of "The Goat,"

Dear Sir,

Enclosed, please find cheque for \$1, my yearly subscription for "The Goat." I can assure you a great amount of pleasure and amusement is to be found in this marvellous paper. The interesting cartoons, the incidents that happened in those, dark days and yet happy days, all help to refresh our memo-

ries, and bring home to us, the splendid men that made up such a magnificent and crack unit of the C.E.F.

Sincerely yours,
894, S.Q.M.S. J. McKINLEY.

The following is a letter received from Ex. Sgt. A. B. Martin referring to a book recently published by Gen. J. E. B. Seeley, D.S.O., called "Adventure." This will be of interest to a number of ex-members, as well as a number of present serving members of the R.C. D's., as it apparently describes in detail actions of the late war in which so many of us were interested in.

Dec. 23rd, 1929.

Gen. J. E. B. Seeley, D.S.O.

William Heinemann, Ltd.,
London, Eng.

Dear Sir:—

In the interests of veracity I feel called on to draw your attention to several statements contained in an extract from your book "Adventure," recently published in the Montreal Star, which are not exactly correct.

Three men handled each torpedo from the jumping off place, the crew on No. one being Montgomery (later killed) J. S. Martin, and myself, No. two was in charge of Cpl. Welch, (killed at Moreuil Wood.) No. three Cpl. (later Lt.) Mynott, and the escort Cpl. Akerstream.

In practice automatic fuses were tried out and were not very successful, the actual fuse used being 8 seconds lit by a match. When we got the torpedo in place Montgomery and Titch Martin got out of the way, and I lit the fuse, waiting about 3 seconds to make sure it was alright, and just managed to get a few paces away before it exploded.

Akerstream, Titch Martin, and myself were the first through the wire, and we just managed to get to a machine gun, which could easily have held up proceedings, before the crew had time to get out of their dugout. Titch grabbed the gun, with my revolver I wounded the first man out of the dugout, and Akerstream and I had no difficulty controlling the others.

Our job then was to guard the front line trench on the right flank to see that no enemy troops came through and this we did with very little trouble, although we had to keep close to the barrage. Aker-

stream who took such an important share in all this was not even mentioned, and I have always thought this most unjust. If you would like a more detailed story this will be gladly furnished.

Yours respectfully,
A. B. MARTIN.

Obituaries.

We regret to report the passing away of Mr. W. P. Frazer, whom we all remember so well as the genial and capable secretary of the Ontario Jockey Club. A great horseman and a courtly gentleman whose courtesy the members of the Royal Canadian Dragoons enjoyed so often. For a number of years he was a friend and neighbor of the late Major-General Lesard, at Meadowvale, Ont.

Col. Montague Cradock, C.B., C.M.G., of Hartforth Hall, Richmond Yorkshire, and of Piccadilly, London, died recently in England following a brilliant Military career. The Royal Canadian Dragoons will remember him so well as the former C.O., of the "King Edward Horse" part of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade, commanded by Maj.-Gen. Seeley.

CATHEDRAL TABLET TO HEROIC CHAPLAIN

A memorial to "Wodbine Willie," the Rev. G. A. Suddert Kennedy, is to be unveiled in Worcester Cathedral. It is a tablet of bronze art guild and bears the inscription "Geoffrey Anketell Studdert Kennedy, M.C., a poet, a prophet, a passionate seeker after truth, an ardent advocate of Christian fellowship. Chaplain to King George V., chaplain to the Forces, rector of St. Edmund's King and Mary, in the City of London, and some time vicar of St. Paul's in this city. Born June 27, 1883. Died March 8, 1929."

Radio reports Receiving conditions in and around St. Johns, Que., are only "Fair" considerable interference experienced Broadcasting conditions, however were never better.

Changes at N.D.H.Q.

OTTAWA

Major General, H.A. Panet, C. B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Adjutant General is proceeding on leave of absence for one year after which he will retire, thus bringing to an end his long and distinguished Military career, it is the sincere wish of "The Goat," that General and Madam Panet be spared for many long years to enjoy a well earned rest and leisure.

General Panet retirement takes our genial D.O.C. M.D. No. 4, Brig. Gen. A. H. Bell, C.M.G., D.S.O., to Ottawa to become Adjutant-Gen. Major General E. C. Ashton, C. M.G., comes to Toronto, to command M.D. No. 2. While we hated to see General and Mrs. Bell leave Toronto we are very pleased of General Bell's advancement in the service and wish him good luck in his new duties.

General Ashton we welcome to Toronto, where, we understand he will be joined a little later on by Mrs. Ashton, and Miss Ashton. Col. A. C. Caldwell, R.C.E., will take over the duties of Quartermaster-General vacated by General Ashton.

The highest tribute that can be paid a man by his friends, is to be called a "Good Sportsman." A good sportsman takes his defeat gracefully and accepts his wins modestly—no bragging—just play the game. "Are We All."

GOOD CONDUCT

The following have been awarded the long service and good conduct medal:

Corps. A. J. M. Brady, Royal Canadian Army Service Corps, and Pte. J. H. Warner, Royal Canadian Ordnance Corps, Quebec; Acting Sergt. W. Jewkes, Royal Canadian Dragoons, St. Johns, Que; Sub. Conductor H. Bennett, R.C.O.C., Ottawa, Ont; Sergt.-Major R. F. Bicknell, Co. Sergt.-Major F. Davis M.M., and Corpl. A. Swift, Royal Canadian Regt., London, Ont.; Sgt. F. G. Derwent, Royal Canadian Horse Artillery, Kingston, Ont.

Congratulations to you all. May you be spared for a long, long time to enjoy the just reward you have received. "Ed."

Our Dumb Friends Meet With Humane End.

Authority being granted from Ottawa, for the destruction of (4) four of our oldest horses, it was with a sigh of regret by many in the Squadron, that this was duly carried out. Two of those that were destroyed were, what we might call Old Timers, in the Army. 'A' 21. (Charlie) 'A' 77, (Billie) 'A' 21 was originally a Depo. Sqdn. horse and used to be ridden by the Sqn., S.M. It was also a Musical Ride, and Escort horse in Toronto, for some time, but was eventually transferred down to St. Johns, P.Q., 10 years ago, Jan. 1920, and during his 10 years' of "Soldiering" in the country—it was always a faithful and honest worker. It was very much admired by the public when on Escort duty, or a Musical Ride, in Montreal, or elsewhere, owing to his colour and markings. Seal Brown Gelding, a blaze, and four white stockings, he was a fairly good jumper, but lately old age began to tell upon him and like most good Cavalry horses his legs gave way on him. He mostly done "Duty" in the 2nd Troop. During his "Soldiering," "Charlie" during his 21 years, had always a hate for dogs, and in fact his last conscious act was to kick one.

"A" 77. "Billie" Dark Chestnut Gelding. This horse was one of the most conscientious horses I have ever seen, and I am sure that both Capt. Hammond and Sgt. Green, will be sorry to learn of his passing. He gave both to this Officer, and N.C.O., of his best he was a good performer and jumper of note. He had won many prizes both in Canada, and the U.S.A. Unfortunately he met with a very bad accident whilst jumping in our annual Mounted Sports, June 1929, from which he never recovered. His heart was big, but his legs were unable to function and was one of the favourite horses in the Squadron. He had reached the age of 20 year's.

"A" 4, "Mary" Light Bay Mare, was with 'A' Sqdn., about 10 years having been purchased in 1920. She was also used on Escort Duty and Musical Rides, and was very well liked by those who had charge of her. Was severely in-

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jured in the Train wreck at Sand Point 1928 from which she never fully recovered, she done her "Soldiering" in the 3rd Troop and in her latter days was in great demand for the instruction of Recruits, and N.P.A.M. She reached the age of 16 years.

"A" 43, Bay Gelding, 9 years old. It was a good and faithful animal, well known as "Dooley's charger."

A SCOT'S NIGHT OUT.

I was a seaman-gunner in H.M.S. Dahne, attached to the Grand Fleet in 1915.

While going ashore for mails in Invergordon I met an old school-mate, "Jock" Arnold, then a corporal in the Seaforth Highlanders. We decided to run up to Inverness together to spend a jovial evening. It was too jovial, and in a mad moment we decided to change uniforms—for the night, of course.

Alas! during our wanderings we were parted, and when I awoke next morning in the Y.M.C.A. there was not a sign of Jock anywhere.

I was forced to return on board that morning still wearing Jock's killed uniform. I shall never forget Captain Smithson's face when he sang out: "Who the—are you!" I replied: "Seaman-Gunner Laister," and he nearly collapsed. I got one month's leave sopped for going aboard improperly dressed.

I did not hear any more of Jock all through the war years, and it was in March 1923, when out of work and hungry in Glasgow, I went to pawn Jock's old kilt, which I had retained as a souvenir.

Inside the pawnshop I almost swooned. The man behind the counter was Jack Arnold.

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"Ye God's no, it will make the bally thing jump!"

Armistice Ceremonies.

On Sunday morning November 11th, 1929, a lovely bright morning the Garrison at Stanley Barracks, paraded for Devine service under the command of Major E. L. Caldwell, C.D., accompanied by the Old Comrades Association, under the command of Major E. A. Hethrington, and a small detachment from 'A' Sqdn. R.C.D., under the command of Capt. J. Wood. By kind permission of Col. R. Pellatt, Q.O.R., the band of the Queen's Own Regt., was on parade. The parade moved off and halted just at the archway where the band played one verse of "Nearer my God to Thee" and wreaths were placed on the R.C.D. Memorial tablet. The parade moved on to the Garrison Church, via Strachan Ave., King St., Bathurst St., to Stewart Street, at which corner it was augmented by a further detachment of Old Comrades who marched on to the church where a further halt was ordered, and wreaths placed on the Garrison Church Memorial by the Rev. J. R. Meean and by Sgt. Galloway, R.C.D., in memory of his brother, after which the parade moved on into the Church where, after placing a wreath on the Memorial tablet, the sounding of the Last Post, and Reveille, the service was proceed with. The Rev. Mr. McLean's address was appropriate and splendid, he knows the Garrison so well and its life-joys and sorrows, that it is always a privilege to hear him speak. On completion of the service the Garrison marched to Barracks. Gen. Williams, taking the salute on the West side of Bathurst Street, and afterwards addressing the parade prior to dismissal in the Barracks. Afterwards an informal re-union took place. Officer's N.C.O.'s, Men and Old Comrades, meeting in the various messes. Among those present at Church were: Gen. and Mrs. Williams, Gen. and Mrs. Bell, Col. Hertzberg, Col. Hill, Col. and Mrs. Bowie, Col. and Mrs. Hemming, Capt. and Mrs. Allen-Case, Capt. and Mrs. McBrien, Mr. and Mrs. Miles, Maj. and Mrs. Percy Arnoldi, Mr. F. A. Warren, the Old Comrades and their wives, also the families of the Garrison. As was mentioned in starting it was a beautiful day, the splendid turn out of Old Comrades, and friends

of the Garrison, along with the Chaplain's address. Gen. Williams remarks and the splendid appearance of all on parade made these ceremonies among the best ever conducted at Stanley Barracks—an inspiration to all present.

Ottawa Winter Fair.

Captains Drury, Bate and Hammond journeyed to Ottawa to compete in the Winter Fair which was held there from December 2nd to December 6th, 1929. Competition was fairly stiff as the entries included a number of well known Toronto Exhibitors as well as Officers from the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery, and the Royal Military College Riding Establishment from Kingston, to say nothing of the local Ottawa horses who have some very good performers in their ranks.

The main item on the programme, in which we were especially interested, was the Bate Challenge Cup, which was presented in 1927 by Major H. Gerald Bate for teams of three officers from any unit of the Permanent or Non-Permanent Militia. Competitors had to jump separately over a selected course and be scored on for performance only. We were successful in winning this event, which was held upon the Tuesday evening which was set aside as Military night. The Minister of National Defence, The Adjutant-General, The D.O.C., M. D., No. 3, and many other officers being present in Mess kit. The Ottawa Citizens, in referring to the event, states as follows:—

"The second evening of the Horse show of the Ottawa Winter Fair at the Coliseum, Lansdowne Park, saw the tempo of this outstanding event maintained in every respect. Another large crowd enthused over a well-balanced program, the feature of which was the keen competition for the Bate Challenge Cup, which was won outright last night by the splendid team from "B" Squadron of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, Toronto. As this was the third successive win for this team, the handsome trophy is the permanent possession of this crack Canadian Cavalry unit.

Military Night was productive of a high class card, and time and

time again horse and riders won rounds of applause in keen contests packed with thrilling action.

Careering around the ring with magnificent fore and hind action, the beautiful roadster earned the plaudits of the crowd as also did the lion-hearted hunters in taking the barriers over courses studded with difficult jumps.

Bate Challenge Cup

The winning of the Bate Challenge Cup by "B" squadron, the team from the Royal Canadian Dragoons, aroused the enthusiasm of the big crowd, which showered this team with applause as they cleanly fenced over a course which tested the mettle of both horses and riders. Only three faults were registered against this team. As "B" squadron has now won this trophy three times in succession it becomes the property of this crack unit and will now adorn the mess in Stanley Barracks, Toronto. This handsome cup was donated by Major H. Gerald Bate for competition open to officers of the permanent or non-permanent militia. The crowd showed its appreciation of superb horsemanship in no uncertain manner when Major Bate, the donor, attended by A. C. Brown, superintendent of trophies, stepped into the tan bark arena to present the team captain, Capt. M. H. A. Drury, with the trophy. All the members of the team received miniature replicas. The three members of the team were: Capt. M. H. A. Drury, riding Baroness; Capt. S. C. Bate, riding Golden Melody; Capt. L. D. Hammond, riding Sergt. Murphy.

The regiment also entered the same team in the inter-city jumping competition, which was open to recognized Hunt Clubs, Military units and Riding Clubs. In this class each horse jumped each night and the score of the two best performances from each team was counted. After the first evening the Wexford Hunt Club held first position, with the Oshawa Hunt and R.M.C. Riding Club tied for second and R.C.D. fourth. After the second night, the R.C.D. team moved up into second position which place they retained at the finish, the Wexford Hunt winning first prize. R.M.C. Riding Club third and the Oshawa riding Club fourth. The R.C.H.A. Kingston and Princess Louise Dragoon

Guards of Ottawa also competed.

The Hunt teams, for teams of three hunters, performance only to count, was won by the Oshawa Hunt with the R.C.D. teams second and third. Other individual wins were as follows:—Middle and Heavy weight Hunters, Course 'A', Captain Bate on Golden Melody, third. Touch and out—Captain Drury on Baroness third; Captain Hammond on Sergt. Murphy fourth. Handy Hunters—Captains Hammond on Mother Bertha, first, Captain Bate on Golden Gleam fourth. Jumping for members of the Permanent and Non-Permanent Militia—Captain Bate on Bachelors Gold and Golden Melody, first and second, Captain Hammond on Mother Bertha third. Pen Jump—Captain Drury on Bridget third. Triple Bar jump—Captain Bate on Bachelors Gold, third. Light weight Hunters, Course 'A'—Captain Bate on Bachelors Gold fifth, Captain Hammond on Mother Bertha sixth. Green Hunters—Captain Hammond on Mother Bertha third, Captain Bate on Golden Melody fourth. Jumping Stakes—Captain Bate on Bachelors Gold third.

By winning the Handy Hunters class Captain Hammond will hold the Ottawa Riding Club Challenge cup for the ensuing year. As stated above the Bate Challenge Cup becomes the permanent property of the Royal Canadian Dragoons Officers Mess. This is a very handsome cup in that it stands approximately of foot high and contrary to the usual challenge cup is made of copper with three silver handles.

The regimental teams which have competed for and won this cup, for three years in succession, were composed of the following officers and horse:—

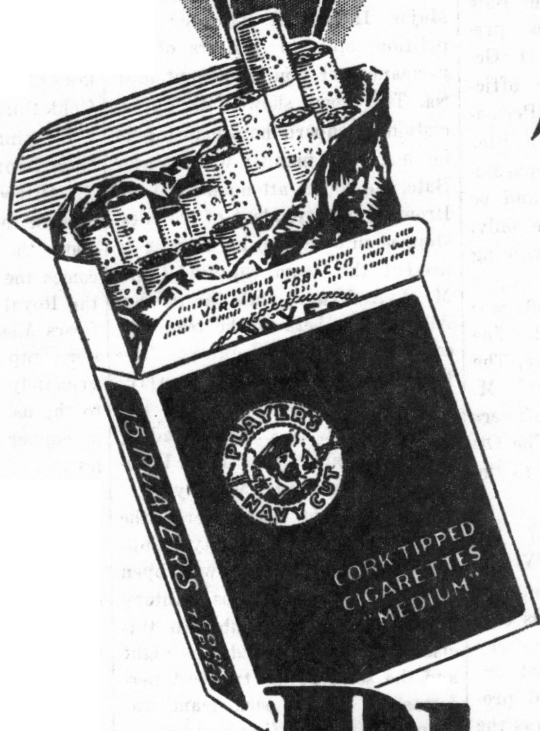
1927—

Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O.—
Bucephalus.
Captain S. C. Bate—Golden Gleam.
Captain L. D. Hammond—Sergeant Murphy.

1928—

Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O.—
General Toby.
Captain S. C. Bate—Golden Gleam.
Lieut. C. C. Mann—Bob.

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Reminiscences of Service with the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

By Major R. B. Nordheimer, M.C.

Chapter VIII

The Battle of Givenchy.

The regiment emerged from the battle of Festubert confident in their ability to measure up to the standard of the Canadian Infantry and imbued with a spirit of eagerness for further action. Our Cavalry formations had proved adaptable to our needs, sections had been found to be well handled by their Section Leaders and Officers and other ranks had not been found wanting when the test came.

The next few days were spent in re-organizing, replacing lost equipment, etc., and generally recovering from our first experience of trench warfare. One bright spot of this Active Service Routine we soon found out was that articles of equipment and clothing marked "Lost in Action," were quickly and unhesitatingly replaced by Quartermasters, who under ordinary conditions, would have fainted away at the mere thought of such expenditure. This anomaly was used to good purpose on many other occasions and Napoleon's retreat from Moscow could hardly have equaled the losses suffered by some Squadrons after one of the very minor engagements in which they saw action.

Our next move was towards the North, where we occupied a village just east of Givenchy. The houses had not been too heavily shelled and retained some signs of habitation. "B" Squadron came off fairly well in the shuffle for billets and most of the men had a cover over their heads, and a fairly large splinter proof dug-out in rear of the village to which all troops went, when the Huns began their daily straf.

At Givenchy we first heard that the Canadian Division was being equipped with the Lee Enfield Rifle in place of the lamented Ross Rifle which, while very accurate for target shooting, did not stand the wear and tare of trench warfare. Fatigue parties were detailed to carry up the new rifles and

many envious eyes were cast in their direction. Shortly afterwards our own men were equipped with the Enfield and welcomed the change. For a few days life was very pleasant with side trips to Bethun, for good food and the ever welcome bath. There had been several changes among the senior officers after Festubert, Major Elmsley our second in command, going as Brigade Major to an Infantry Brigade and Major McMillan being appointed A.P.M. 1st Canadian Division.

While awaiting our expected expedition to the line, our old friend "Shiny" Lawless of the Strathcona Horse, got himself arrested as a spy some over particular British troops who refused to believe that the grey sweated bald headed captive was a subaltern in the Cavalry. Much amusement was caused, though "Shiny" did not see the joke at the time. During one of the shelling epidemics, Trooper Kelly of the 3rd Troop 'B' Squadron was killed and his loss was felt by us all. Kelly was an old timer and although at times a bit troublesome, always came up to the scratch in a pinch and a man one could not help feel fond of.

The operations at Givenchy were not progressing very well and stubborn opposition was being encountered. One night we received orders to go up to the reserve trenches and support an infantry attack. We left just after dark and were proceeding along the designated road, when we were heavily shelled. Stumbling everywhere in the dark in search of cover, some unfortunate took refuge in a dug out, only to find it occupied by our late second in command Major Elmsley and the Brigade Staff. Their reception was hardly cordial and they retired hastily to seek solace elsewhere.

After much confusion, we were directed to seek shelter in some dug-outs above the ground and await further orders. These dug-outs were along the side of a canal bank and in the dark appeared very re-assuring. I was unfortun-



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ate enough to seek shelter in the same one as Hanson, our 7 foot sniper, and in consequence found very little space left. There was nothing to do but wait and Hansen spent most of the time in sharpening his bayonet. Having satisfied himself that all was in order, he stuck the point in the roof as a test and much to his amazement and our mutual disgust, found the roof to consist of hay covering.

As daylight came, the shelling ceased and we crept forth to see the nature of our abode. There were two lines of shelters each below a terraced slope and the ground between was well pitted with shell holes, showing that but for the high bank our hay house would have afforded very little protection. The infantry attack not having materialized, we were ordered back to our billets and soon were on our way not in the least sorry to have had to vacate our unpleasant position. Just prior to this move, my troop sergeant

had become hors de combat from swallowing tobacco juice if I remember his explanation. It certainly affected him in a strange way and the Colonel, being a strong advocate of a non-smoking union, promptly took steps to remove him from the Non-Commissioned ranks. It was unfortunate that this violent form of illness should have overtaken him just as we were ordered up the line or otherwise he might have avoided the drastic step that overtook him.

A few days later, we were ordered up for further action and this time we were actually moved to the front line and came close to being wiped out. From the reserve "B" Squadron under Maj. Walker Bell moved through the Distillery, a well remembered landmark of that section of the line, to Sidbury Mound, a support strongpoint. The 4th Battalion under Colonel Watson, occupied the line and had just taken some prisoners. On a call from Battalion headquarters, I was sent up to act as interpreter and try to obtain some information as to the enemy strength. I well remember the scene that met my eyes. A deep dug-out, three chattering Huns who momentarily expected to be done away with, and a semicircle of Officers glaring at them. On my entrance, I was ordered to question the prisoners as to their moral, the reason they went to war, whether they expected to win, and a dozen similar questions which might be of interest to the readers of the Quebec Chronicle of which Colonel Watson was owner, but of very little military value at the time.

Having obtained all the information considered essential, the prisoners were told they would be well treated and I was allowed to depart. On seeking my squadron, I found they had taken over part of the line, and were expecting to carry out an advance at any minute. In order to appreciate the situation, it should be explained that the point from which the two preceding advances had left, was a section of the trench, from which the wire had been removed, and which by this time was well-covered by German Machine Guns, Snipers and Trench Mortars. Any attack from this point was suicidal and yet it was expected that a squadron with less than half the strength of an infantry company, would ac-

complish what the latter had failed to do. Major Bell was naturally perturbed at seeing his squadron destroyed for no purpose and while he concealed his disgust from the men, was as furious as the Colonel over so palpable a blunder. Just as zero hour was approaching, orders were received to cancel the attack and return to the reserve line. I think that no order was received with greater relief and there were tears in the Colonel's eyes as he saw us return.

No Commander likes to see his men deliberately sacrificed in a useless cause and I know that Col. Nelles did all that was humanly possible to impress the "Powers that Be" with the hopeless task they had set the Regiment.

After some desultory fighting the Givenchy offensive was discontinued and the hope of reaching Lens was given up for the time being. Even at this early date it was becoming apparent that any offensive undertaken on a limited front and with inadequate artillery support could not bring results commensurate with the casualties received. The Canadian Cavalry Brigade was therefore withdrawn and in due course moved further North to Neuve Eglise where they occupied a comparatively quiet sector of the line.

"The Editor" had a short note from Col. Gillman, who is still going strong at H.Q., M.D. No. 11. Victoria, B.C.

The Officers of the Garrison, with their wives and friends gathered in the Officer's Mess, New Year's Eve, and saw the Old Year out, and the New Year in with due ceremony.

Owing to a change in copy by our esteemed friend Mr. F. W. Powell and our able Cartoonist, E. G. Green, the January issue of Soldiering, has been held over, but will be continued in our February issue of "The Goat."

Winter weather. Old timers are always telling us how years ago they used to drive across country over the fences, which were all under snow, in fact in spots it would be so deep that in driving along they would often entangle their whips in the telegraph wires as they went to crack them. Well this year we have had our share of it in Quebec, only recently a man slid down the "Citadel Hill" at Quebec and caused a miniature avalanche, and took his rescuers two hours to dig him out unhurt, fortunately, but scared stiff. Here in St. Johns recently the "Editor's" wife returning to Barracks via a short cut as she thought strayed from the beaten path and dropped into a ditch, up to her neck in snow, after being rescued she remarked "Nature is more than making up for the last open Winter." Along about the 7th of this month it began to thaw, then we had rain for two days so that most of the snow disappeared. Considerable anxiety was caused among local ice men in regard to harvesting their annual supply for the Summer. Present indications seem to shew lots of snow and ice before our old friend Jack Frost is through.

In looking back over some local news here in St. Johns, it is of interest somewhat to know that Col. Chinie, and Pte. Fry, of the R.C.R.'s. had quite a thrilling escape from disaster when they ran their ice boat into open water on the Richelieu River near the Barracks here, nearly thirty years ago. They both got away with a very chilly ducking, and very near drowned into the bargain. Ice boating is still carried on as a sport on the river here, although the "Garrison Ice Boat" has been laid up for the last two years, it needs overhauling to put it in shape again. What about chancing it "Hank!"

Some people seem to spend half their lives in borrowing things and the other half in not giving them back.

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Speeds of more than 100 miles an hour have been achieved by skilful pilots in ice-yacht racing, the fastest motorless sport in the world. When an ice-yacht darts over the glassy surface of a lake, river or bay, it seems to its crew hardly to touch the ice—but rather to soar through the air. The closeness to the surface enhances the illusion of tremendous speed just as does skiing, writes Barrow Lyons in the February Popular Science, Monthly.

In fact, when the little, bird-like craft is sailing with a quartering breeze, it is moving considerably faster than the wind itself. This may seem impossible, but the

physical principle is really quite simple. Any one who has pursued a slippery cake of soap across the bathroom floor has had an excellent demonstration of the mechanical action involved. Consider the cake of soap as the sail of the ice yacht and the fingers as the wind, and the reason why the ice-yacht can go faster than a quartering breeze becomes clear. Like the cake of soap, the sail of the ice-yacht slides away from the pressure of the wind, in a similar cam action, and when the sail is close-hauled so that it makes only a slight angle with the centre line of the ship, the motion of the ship is magnified just as is the motion of the cake of soap by its gentle sloping side.

Since the days of Peter Stuyvesant ice-boats have been employed for various purposes on this continent. It is said that during the French and Indian War, sleighs with sails were used to transport troops across the Great Lakes. In 1861 the first regular ice-yachting club was organized on the Hudson River.

The improved design of the modern yacht involves a groundwork of two pieces—a centre timber and

a crosswise runner plank. The centre timber, on which the mast is stepped, runs fore and aft its forward part constituting the bowsprit and its after part holding the box for the helmsman. The runner plank tapers toward the ends, on which the runners are placed. The centre timber rests upon the middle of the runner plank at right angles, and is attached to it by a gammon iron. Stays secured by turnbuckles lead from the ends of the centre plank to the runner plank. The mast is secured by shrouds leading down each side to the runner plank, and by a forestay leading to the outer end of the centre timber. The yacht rides on the runners and the rudder, the latter extending down from the helmsman's box on the after part of the centre timber.

We understand that "Moon Mullins" is to take a course in P.T. His old crooney "Lord Plushbottom" predicts all kinds of calamity in store for the 1st Troop.

"Honest John" has the look of a Saint these days. Cigarettes are sky high. "Can't you bum one no how."

"Gang Warfare in Chicago."

The slaying of Dion O'Banion naturally evoked active retaliation on the part of the North Side Gang of which he was undisputed leader. His closest friend and lieutenant Hymie Weiss, succeeded to the leadership and soon set aside any idea that the death of O'Banion was to pass unchallenged.

Johnnie Torrio, who with Al Capone, was co-leader of the South side gangsters was the first to feel the wrath of O'Banion's friends. Two weeks after the latter's death, a car pulled up beside Torrio's and opened fire. They raked the car, killed the chauffeur and a dog on the seat beside him and drove on. Torrio was unhurt but his hat had two bullet holes in it. It had long been said that he could hand it out but hated to take it. He proved the saying to be true.

Two days later Torrio and his wife stepped from their car, on a street directly back of their house, intending, because of fear, to cut through a lane to their own back door. Fifty slugs sprayed them

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a steamer for Italy on which reservations for himself and four guards had been obtained. He had nearly a million dollars and still lives in the South of Italy like a feudal lord but guarded day and night. Three times during the brief leadership of Weiss, Capone barely escaped death. Twice his car was "picked away" from cars containing his guards and raked with gun fire. Each time Capone's clothes were pierced by slugs but he remained uninjured.

Finally the indomitable, who had sworn to get Capone within a year after O'Banion's death, took three cars full of his followers right into Cicero, the Capone stronghold. Capone's people, tipped off twenty minutes before the cavalcade put in an appearance, were under cover. The machine gun caravan slowly moved about Cicero looking into every face to be observed and then swung back to Capone's headquarters "The Ship" and raked it with machine gun bullets from top to bottom. Inside his steel shuttered room Capone listened to the shattering process. Weiss tried every possible from sawed off shot guns as a big car swept by. Three of the shots struck Torrio; they were said to be poised bullets prepared in garlic, and he was in hospital a month. Meanwhile his gang surrounded the institution and watched night and day. Torrio had had enough. He knew Hymie Weiss would never rest till he got him. He sought a way out and remembering that he was under sentence in the federal court of one year on a prohibition charge which he had appealed, he withdrew the appeal and was sent to jail where he knew he was safe. He set about adjusting his affairs for permanent flight from Chicago and handed over the gang leadership with its profits, troubles and dangers to Capone.

Six weeks before his sentence was completed Torrio was released from jail, and, with three cars filled with the pick of his gang, sped to Buffalo. There he and his bodyguard took the train for New York and immediately went aboard mean to learn of Capone's movements but without avail. Finally Capone's chauffeur was kidnapped and when he refused to reveal the whereabouts of his master, was tortured and shot to death. Months later his body was found in a cis-

tern in East Chicago.

A week later as Weiss and one of his lieutenants was driving down Michigan Avenue in the heart of the city, a car crashed into them and a shower of bullets smashed all the glass in the car. They were uninjured and ran for shelter to the Standard Oil building firing as they ran. Imagine all this in a supposedly civilized City, in mid-day.

With the flight of Torrio, Capone turned his attention to the gambling monopoly in Chicago. Supported by powerful political interests, he soon had gambling devices in every possible place. May Dever had been supplanted by William Hale Thompson, who deliberately appealed to the underworld with his election slogan "A Wide open City". A month after his election all the gambling interests suppressed by the Dever administration were back in full force and making a new golden flood for Capone. This was too open even for Chicago and in April 1928 resentment against gambling and bombing election violence swept every Thompson candidate out of office.

With his activities in Chicago somewhat hampered by the reform element, Capone set off for Florida for a rest. But Capone does not rest. He happened not only to be there but talking to the District Attorney of Miami at the precise moment when seven gangsters of Bug Moran's North Side Gang, were lined up and killed on St. Valentine's Day. It was the merest coincidence that he had stopped in at the District Attorney's Office. Nothing could be more mere.

POLO.

Interest in the game has lagged a bit of late. Ponies are expensive, time and facilities for playing are not what they used to be, and now the Winter Season prevents outdoor playing in Canada so let us think of the game a little in the Winter months through the columns of "The Goat," here is a short history of the game. More ANON.

Polo is a game of great antiquity—it being 2,000 years old. It is believed to have been first played in Persia.

It is quite probable that few realize that polo is the most ancient of games played with sticks and

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ball. It is the ancestor of hockey, the Irish national game of hurling (and possibly golf and cricket.)

In England and Ireland polo used to be called hockey or hurling on horseback, but historically hockey and hurling are polo on foot.

The game was originally Persian, and from that country of famous horsemen it spread westward to Constantinople and Eastward through Turkestan to Tibet, China and Japan. From Tibet it travelled to Gilgit and Chitral, and it flourished in India in the sixteenth century. Then for 200 years there is no record of it in India until 1854 it came into Bengal from Manipur by way of Cachar, and in 1862 it was played in the Punjab.

During its long existence there have been twelve varieties of the game.

The earliest form known was primitive, consisting of feats of horsemanship and skill. The early Persian form described in Shama-na was a highly organized game with rules, played by four on each side. In later Persian, in the sixteenth century, the grounds were 300 by 170 yards (present size is

300 by 160 feet) and the play resembled the rough football of the same period in England.

The game became more highly organized in the next century.

The Byzantine form played at Constantinople in the Twelfth Century used a leathern ball the size of an apple, and a racquet.

The Chinese game, in vogue about 600 A.D., was played with a light wooden ball.

The Japanese form, popular in feudal times, still survives under the name of dakin.

In an ancient Indian variety the sides are ranged up on opposite ends of the grounds and the ball is thrown in. This is probably the form of the game which reached India from Persia, and is represented today by Manipur and Gilgit polo, though these forms are rougher than the old Indian game.

Modern polo has given rise to a new type of horse—an animal of 14 hands 2 inches with the power of a hunter, the courage of a race horse, and the docility of a pony.

It is probably the most spectacular and exciting of all games, and makes the greatest demands upon its player.

Two Men and a Boat.

F. W. POWELL.

Having successfully negotiated the locks without danger to life or limb we ran smoothly under the bridge, passed the Union station and tied up beside an American pleasure yacht the crew of which were got up in real musical comedy nautical attire. They were busily engaged in swabbing the decks when we arrived and even yet I am not quite sure if the pail of dirty water which missed me by a fraction of an inch was not directed with malicious intent. They seemed none too pleased to have us for companions but we, with the correct entente cordiale gesture, used the rope that moored their vessel to the wharf as a tie-up for our craft. They spoke not a word but viewed our manoeuvres with impassive faces. Really I do not think they liked us very much, but, because we are citizens of a free city we felt as free to make use of this very central wharf as the biggest ship afloat.

So far so good. After making ourselves somewhat more presentable Martin went off to see what arrangements could be made over the telephone as to what the reception committee intended doing with us. Back came he with a kindly smile irradiating his countenance. He had connected with Charlie Olmsted who would be down to see us anon. Too bad we had already dined.

Along came Charlie very soon in his bus-waggon. He was the self-same old Charlie and it was a real joy to see him again. He took us for a drive around this really charming city. Whizzed through the grounds of the experimental farm where I was thrilled with a field of something or other in which every single plant had a paper bag tied jauntily over its head. Ottawa is delightful. Have merely glanced over it as it were, but where else are there so many jolly residences with their trim lawns and many flowers! The many sunken gardens are a sheer delight; so much so that even Martin grows enthusiastic.

Another high spot passed was what is to be a very swish-swish club when completed. No good being born with the proverbial silver spoon here, for unless a man had

some sort of connection with Birk's he can put the initiation fee back in his pocket for he'll be black-balled as sure as eggs are eggs. They tell me that by a curious reasoning as to social status a journalist may join, but a dentist never. Tut-tut. Sounds rather inconsistent in a country where a man is supposed to be accepted for what he is. Snobbish, too, and for this alone we must put the only black mark against Ottawa.

My suggestion that Hull be the next historical spot to be visited was received gladly and a lively couple of hours were spent in the several establishments catering to the sordid side of man; at which remark the assembled rummies stood up on their hind legs and shouted hear, hear. The establishment we preferred most was situated opposite from the goal and thereby hangs a story that's not a bit nice.

There was to be a double execution in the morning. The scaffold had already been erected and a small portion of it was to be seen standing above the wall of the prison. This little was sufficient to attract a large crowd throughout the day. Before the execution this little that was visible was covered with large tarpaulins. Morid curiosity, however, would not be denied and people remained to gaze ardently at whatever their imagination pictured was under the covering. After the bad business was terminated a man told me he had waited throughout the night. What for? If I live to be a thousand I hope I'll never again hear a man say he waited throughout a wet night to hear if the woman would scream when placed upon the scaffold. Mind you, it was not possible to see anything. All was as imagination pictured, yet this man spoke regretfully of the circumstance that prevented the gratifying of his curiosity. Just when (as he thought) the woman was standing there and he was straining his ears for the screams, somebody beside him slipped from where he was and made such a clatter in his falling that all other noise was drowned. This had taken all the joy out of his day! Hard to realize men can admit to such instincts

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Friend Charlie, having to go to work the next day found it necessary to bring the party to a conclusion. Animateably had we talked of old times when he was a hard boiled sergeant and I the martyr and we all hated to bring the evening to a close but it just had to be "DID." He drove us to the boat and with promises to meet the following day, and an invitation to dinner at his home left us.

I was just getting into my stride by this time and had no strong inclination to sleep but what Martin says, goes, so I looked on kindly while he prepared two beds in the bottom of the boat. Quite a lark really. Here we were, right in the centre of the city, sleeping in a boat moored so close that by peering through the curtains (oh, yes, we did consider the dictates of good breeding in this respect) we could tell the time by the clock on the Victory tower, that same clock I put out of countenance later.

The novelty of the surroundings kept me awake or perhaps Hull was the reason; but at all events could not sleep because of an urge to bathe in the canal with nothing on just for the distinction and singularity of the proceeding. Martin

was asleep. To get out it would be necessary for me to crawl over him. Once again did a kind heart prove my undoing. Out of consideration for the sleeping skipper I denied myself the privilege of bathing in a state of complete nudity right here in the middle of the city at midnight, and went to sleep instead.

Up early next morning. Our uppish neighbours were again swabbing decks, but as they made no friendly overture I broke away from generations of politeness and courtesy by refraining to wish them a cordial "Good morning." For one thing I liked neither they nor their palatial yacht that seemed much to spik and span for personal comfort. Totally oblivious to their stolid gaze (am talking about the crew now—the whole couple of them) we got the old primus going on the wharf and soon had completed breakfast and were ready for the next incident.

Not content to leave well enough alone Martin announces we will leave our inhospitable neighbours and tie up at the canoe club farther up the canal. This we did. Our new surroundings were just outside the exhibition grounds with a narrow strip of water the only

thing to keep us from entering the greatest and best exhibition in the world, ladies and gentlemen, step up and see the living tadpoles—but I'm running ahead of myself. Not that I had any intention of sneaking in without payment. Too many men about with badges on their sleeves and sticks in their hands. One in particular seemed to have picked us for his sole guardianship for he sat down opposite the boat as long as we were in the vicinity. His was not what one could call exactly a friendly look. Clearly was it to be seen that he was not of the type that would descend to bribery and corruption. One of those strong chaps, who look the 'ole world in the h'eye and live in order to die so that for ever and for ever they'll be able to get even with their neighbors by playing on a harp bigger and better than anyone else possesses. Comes to that would not sneak in anyway. Surely to goodness one of the many friends will suggest taking us to the finest show on earth. Failing this Martin, I'm sure will have 70 cents. However, we'll see.

"Dad" Nash was the next objective. Unearthed him in some lofty office building and persuaded him to take the half day off. Pleased to find that Dad is coming along quite nicely thank you, and sports a Nash car. Here again did we see just what war-time friendships mean. Although a very busy man, Dad, enters into our plans with enthusiasm and takes us to lunch before going on the razle. Martin and myself know something about this lunch that should be made public but as he is the skipper must let the secret die with me, although am itching to tell of the manoeuvres by which we escaped—well! I promised not to tell, so excuse the shameful details.

After lunch we had a drive, visited Hull, and returned to spend a couple of hours in the parliament Buildings. A couple of days is insufficient to see all the wonders of these superb buildings. Wish I had the ability to express the sensations created by all this beauty in wood and stone. Canada can be very justly proud of her Houses of Parliament. Unfortunately this was the middle of the tourist season and one was obliged to join parties of interested visitors. The attendants and guides are very helpful, but is it necessary to

emphasise so strongly that 22 karat gold leaf was used here and 20 karat there that this cost so much and that so much more? To most Canadians I fancy this savours too much of that wonderful country where worth is judged by what it cost.

The "Memorial Tower" was specially interesting and a marvelous tribute to the many who 'went on.'

It is beyond me to even try to describe any of the wonders of this building. Save up your pennies for a few years and when you have enough go to Ottawa and if dignified beauty means anything at all to you; if your country means anything at all to you, give yourself a week to wander about the Parliament Buildings. You will never live long enough to regret it; that I assure you.

In an elevator we shot up to the top of the tower, passing, en route bells of all sizes housed in their particular compartments. Got out on the roof to see a most wonderful panorama spread before our eyes. Although the wall over which we peer reaches to my shoulders, I experience painful spells of dizziness as I look over. (Must really see if a pension cannot be wangled over this distressing condition.) Then came the big incident. At exactly twenty five minutes to four. Dad and myself alone were intently examining the master clock that controls the large one on the tower. To me the movement seemed irregular. Dad said it seemed the same to him. We continued to watch until it suddenly stopped dead. The attendant to whom I broke the news could have been ever so much kinder with very little effort. He asked me, was I looking at it when it stopped. I admitted the circumstance. "Well" he said, "I've heard of faces that could stop a clock, but never before to-day have I seen one." With this cutting and crushing remark he rushed to the telephone. So blighting was the effect my face had on that damned clock that it could not be persuaded to go again until four o'clock. The foregoing should be in itself the answer to the very many who have wondered so often just why I never married.

To be continued.

He: I have been trying to think of a word for two weeks.

She: How about fortnight.

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The January 1930 class for Subalterns and N.C.O.'s, attached to the R.C.S. of C. St. Johns, P.Q., commenced on the 6th, with the following as Instructors.

Capt. J. Wood, Officer I/C.
Q.M.S. I. F. Cox.
S.S.M. I. J. Hallett
Sgt. Ins. Lacerte.

Sgt. H. Costelloff acting as Assistant Instructor. The following candidates having reported from the 7th Hussars, are attached to "A" Sqn., R.C.D., from that date.

Lieut. O. A. Lefebvre,
S.S.M. T. J. Lawrence.
a/Sgt. W. B. MacDonald
8th PL (N.B.) Hrs.
2/Lieut. C. F. Johns,
Sergt. A. E. Mott.

11th Hussars—a/Sgt. A. Cote.
17th D.R.Y.C.H.—Corpl. R. R. Prevost, Corpl. J. M. David.
Kings Canadian Hussars—a/Sgt. J. B. Connors.

New Brunswick Dragoons— a/ Sgt. L. Staples, a/Sgt. J. C. Lyons, a/Sgt. D. O. Glassier.

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Hoof Prints, Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, U.S.A.

The Canadian, Toronto.

There's one good thing about girls smoking. Men now get some decent cigarettes instead of that old box of bad cigars.

Memories of An Ex-Dragoon.

By J. F. Cavanaugh

A.D. 1897

Sergeant-Major Dingley, Sergeant Leblond, Private Lamothe, Macadam and Redding had attended Her late Majesty Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, held in London, England, during June. There were no "News Reels" or movie cameramen those days, such as we now have, and, naturally, those who were not in actual attendance at the great event had to rely on newspaper pictures to get any idea of the glorious spectacle. The great "Pathe"—Mr. Percy Hill, theatrical producer of the Toronto Exposition—as it was then called, determined to bring the Jubilee to the Ex. And by heavens he did!

Straight away he had the costume shops of every British colony scoured for such paraphernalia as required to depict native princes and other dignitaries thereof who had took part in the London pageant. And straight from London (not in the bush) came glittering uniforms for his "Generals,"

"field marshals," "Colonels," etc., who directed the desinies of numberless life guards, hussars, lancers and other mounted troops. For the five heaviest roles the invincible "Pathe" starred four of those who had represented the Dominion on June 17th, as follows: "Field Marshal" Dingley acted as grand marshal; "General" Leblond, second in command; "Colonel" Redding acted as aide to Dingley; and "Corporal-Major" Macadam handled perfectly the delegation of R.C.D.'s disporting themselves as "1st and 2nd Life Guards. And last but not least came the exalted position of "aide-de-camp" to the "Maharaja of India" (Squadron Sergeant-Major Stephan), played by the terrible Lamothe himself as a mighty "Hindu Prince." Lamothe's portrayal of a "prince" was so realistic that many of the great retinue of the "Maharaja's" servants never suspected their "prince" as 'bogus.' And how these "orientals" entertained their "prince" during the after-the-performance hours can best be related by those fortunate enough to be in favor.

Then there was our famous Trumpeter (Dad) Jones, whom "PATHE"tic starred as a state

trumpeter of the Horse Guards Blues on "General" Dingley's staff. So perfect did "Dad" do his stuff that a number of G.G.B.G. trumpeters of the pageant, never suspecting him to be spurious, lavished sundry good things upon him for quite a spell. "Rotten treachery I call it, fellows," roared "Dad" on discovering that he had been unmasked. "But it was sure great while it lasted" said Jones, as he slammed the dressing room door lest, some outsider might see him elad in what was left of his "undies."

What was probably Hill's most ill-advised selection, however, was that of one of our neighbors from across the barrack square to pose as a "Colonel" of the Coldstreams, in the great Coronation scene. The esteemed Infantryman, exhibiting not a bit of aptitude in the art of remaining aloft with his faithless and plotting spurs, slipped from grace with spurs in deadly conflict with his sparkling boots. And while it may be said that he was promptly 'cashiered,' and a 'Drag' substituted for the role from which he 'plunged,' he was frequently seen about the lot thereafter as a snappy naval 'officer.'

And last but not least was Hill's

batchet-faced, hawk like property man, ever and eternally running amock with his trust inventory board to the utter embarrassment of all non-Dragoon members of the cast, including the many "ladies-in-waiting," dogging their every footsteps lest they might purloin as a memento one or more of the numberless make-believe medals and other decorations with which the cast-off frippery was smothered. He sunk his beak into the R.C.D.'s dressing hut door just once, however. Which was ENOUGH! But he surely made life miserable for the novices, who were wont to strut about, back of "St. Paul's and Windsor" before the curtain.

So that's that.

Togged out in imposing uniforms bespeaking high rank R.C.D.'s, from our dashing Regimental down, it was pretty difficult to distinguish them from the genuine, by novices such as non regulars at least; and it was due to this fact that more than one of them was put to his wit's ends in marshaling sufficient will-power to restrain the return of a well meant salute. So had it not been for the consideration of the extra "jack" attached to their jobs doubtless many of them would sooner be rid of all

"We have a yellow wagon on every street--every morning."

MILK--that is Pure, Clean, Rich always.

CREAM--fresh from the finest farms in Ontario.

BUTTERMILK--a wonderful health drink.

BUTTER--churned fresh daily from Pure Sweet Cream.

"CERTIFIED MILK"--from our own herd of tuberculin-tested Holstein and Guernseys at City Dairy Farms, New Lowell.

ICE CREAM--Plain and fancy in bulk or bricks or individual servings.

City Dairy

Spadina Cres.,

Toronto.

the make-believe racket.

Nevertheless it was most amusing to see some well-meaning fellow from outside the rank and file of the near by barracks, after having discovered his mistake in all but dipping our noble Union Jack to one of the "counterfeits" in his scramble to receive recognition from the mighty, dashing hither and you about the lot seeking someone to put him out of his misery. Usually however, some alert Dragoon's "Horse on you, old saint," brought the poor fellow to bay. If possessed of rank above that of a humble Private, he was surrendered to the proper authorities; otherwise—usually about sunset, he'd marched to that other "bar" of justice and given a speedy trial.

And while to the invincible Mr. Hill credit was given for bringing to the public's view what many claimed was a fair picture of Her dear Majesty's Jubilee, it was Sergeant-Major Dingley and his associates of the June contingent to London, together with others of the "regulars," that put the thing over. And, no doubt, troops of Toronto's garrison never made

a better showing than that which was displayed before the Exhibition throngs during the famous reproduction of that great event; the misfired salutes notwithstanding.

It can also be said that "Lord" Dingley and his staff of fellow Non Coms, as "General" and "Colonels", at the head of the pageant, vied well with the headliner itself—the Musical Ride, when it came to the public's thunderous acclamation of near pomp and one hundred per cent R.C.D. horsemanship.

Back of all of this, however, there was much friendly ragging amongst the boys growing out of all the make-believe stuff. And more than once did the Regimental remind some careless one of the seriousness of thus ragging a fellow actor who might, like the proverbial worm, stage a come-back where and when least expected. "The idea of addressing a Corporal as 'Colonel,' a Sergeant as 'General' or aluding to your S.S.M. as 'Is Ighness the bluddy well 'Maharaja' must be stopped, and at once," was "Lord" Dingley's warning.

After that we were more careful—when he was within ear shot!

Mental notes had been made of these things, by those within whose hands lied the destinies of we 'beneath-the-rank-and-titlers.' to be made he subject of due consideration following the final curtain at the close of the show.

Then came the fatal Saturday and the merciless swoop to normal life at barracks. Nothing had been forgotten! The heartlessness of our Master Minds were staggering as the accumulation of a fortnight's result of play at the heavenly movie lot itself. But the manner in which we mucked and furnished and 'squeezed' and swept ourselves out of the depths and into renewed divine favor put to shame beyond their fondest hopes.

Then, as an expression of their atonement for the thus inflicted normalizing, the repenting and broken Shilocks made up a jack-pot that financed a rousing sing-song following the evening opening of the good old canteen.

For such is the way of the Non Coms.

Won the Mug

Recruit: "Well, what's the matter? Didn't I do alright in the parade?"

Top Sergeant, sweetly—"Sure, you did alright. Didn't you win it by half a yard?"

Tom: "Has your gardiner taught you anything?"

Dick: "Yes: I'll never again believe we reap as we sow."

Little Algernon, known to have poetic tendencies, was asked by the teacher to deliver something along the line of nature study, which he did:

"The man who made that wingless hen

Must be a real fine wizard
The matter don't concern me much
I always get the gizzard"

Front Line Trench

"Gracious," said the doctor, "How did you get those awful bruises on your shins? Are you a hockey player?"

"Oh, no. I just led back my wife's weak suit."

Why the Traffic Jams

"I hate those impromptu complexions, don't you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Those who make up as they go along."



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